Were it not pitty that this goodly boy,
Should loſe his birth-right through his fathers fault?
And long heereafter, ſay vnto his Childe,
What my great Grandfather and Grandſire got,
My careleſſe father fondly gaue away?
Looke on the boy, and let his manly face,
Which promiſeth ſucceſſefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford playd the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didſt thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things ill got had euer bad ſucceſſe,
And happy euer was it for that ſonne,
VVhoſe father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my ſonne my vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my father had left me no more:
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
As askes a thouſand times more care to keepe,
Then may the preſent profite counteruaile.
Ah coſin Yorke, would thy beſt friends did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head ſtands there.

Queene. My Lord, this harmfull pitty makes your followers faint.
You promiſd Knight-hood to your Princely ſonne,
Vnſheath your ſword, and ſtraight way dub him Knight,
Kneele downe Edward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a Knight,
And learne this leſſon, Draw thy ſword in right.

Prince. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
and in that quarrell, vſe it to the death.

North. VVhy that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Royall Commanders, be in readineſſe,
For with a band of fifty thouſand men,

Comes

Comes Warwicke, backing of the
And in the Townes whereas they
Proclaimes him King, and many f
Prepare your battels, for they be

Clif. I would your highneſſe w
The Queene hath beſt ſucceſſe wh

Queen. Do good my Lord, and

King. VVhy that's my fortune,

Clif. Be it with reſolution then

Prin. Good Father cheere theſe
Vnſheath your ſword, ſweet Fath

Clif. Pitch we our battell heer

Enter the houſe

Edw. Now periur'd *Henry*, wi
And kneele for mercy at thy Soue

Queen. Go rate thy Minions pr
Becomes it thee to be thus malape
Before thy King, and lawfull Soue

Edw. I am his King, and he ſho
I was adopted heyre by his conſen

George, Since when, he hath bro
For as we heare, you that are King
(Though he do weare the Crown
Haue cauſd him by new acte of Pa
To blot our brother out, and put

Clif. And reaſon George:
Who ſhould ſucceede the father,

Rich. Are you there butcher?

Clif. I Crooke-backe, heere I ſt
Or any of your ſort.

Rich. Twas you that kild yong

Clif. Yes, and old Yorke too, an

Rich. For Gods ſake Lords giu

War. VVhat ſaiſt thou *Henry*?

Queen. VVhat, long tongu'd W
VVhen you and I met at Saint Alb

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBUR